



# California GARDEN

10c

## NOTICE:—

March Meeting:  
Natural History Museum  
BALBOA PARK

—  
A NATURALIST  
IN  
LOWER CALIFORNIA

Frank F. Gander will speak of his recent explorations in this little known region, in connection with pictures.

## MARCH 1942



DESERT GARDEN  
Ethel Bailey Higgins



CRIMSON ROSE  
Etta Florence Adair



A TRIBUTE  
Alfred D. Robinson



LOOKING FOR THE  
UNUSUAL  
C. I. Jerebek



GLEANINGS  
Alice M. Clark



RECAPITULATION  
THEORY  
Fred H. Wylie

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## The Desert Garden . . .

By Ethel Bailey Higgins

As I wrapped Christmas parcels, there came to me a thought of a Christmas present I once received: it was a joint of *Opuntia Treleasei*, the Mojave desert member of the basilaris group, carefully wrapped in succeeding tissues of gay color, the gift of a young girl in the desert home for the tubercular. An early issue of the *Cactus and Succulent Journal* had printed a letter from her, and asked of cactus fans that they give of their abundance in plants. Among many of those who sent plants to her, I was amply rewarded for my trouble, by the lesson she gave me of brave and dauntless living in the face of death.

I had a number of letters from her, in one of which she spoke of a gift from Texas, "*Mamillaria tuberosa*," which struck her as most apropos, and of which she made a great joke. In the last letter I received from her with my Christmas gift, she spoke of her plan concurred in by her doctor and nurse, to establish a desert garden at the sanatorium. I never knew what resulted from her plan for not long after this her brave spirit took flight and we knew her no more.

A few years ago something of our desert was made known to the world by the "Desert gardens," sponsored and installed by Mrs. Sherman-Hoyt of Pasadena who exhibited in New York a vast pano-

ramic reproduction of our desert flora and fauna; not reproductions in that they were manufactured imitations for whole sections of living material were installed in what was really a reproduction of desert scenery. The exhibition was such a success that it was repeated later in Boston and on a much enlarged scale in London.

The reality of which this representation told, our desert, is almost indescribable. The opalescent coloring which sunshine and desert haze produce; the harsher but equally beautiful deep purples which the oncoming night lends to the desert mountains with the deep luminosity of their shadows; the vast solemnity of the sky at night, all these things enhance the beauty which otherwise might seem too harsh, too glaring.

The night gives to the desert garden the effect of landscaping: the spacing of the shrubs, necessary to them because of the reaching out of their roots for water, gives the impression of outside plan in their arrangement; only the daylight reveals the detail which even then does not entirely shatter this feeling. The desert garden is not a tangle, although the floor may at times be covered with a carpet of annual brilliance, but like a well planned garden seems to provide a setting for particular shrubs.

The *Larrea* is the outstanding example of this spacing; its varnished foliage and yellow flowers, its feathery white fruits, are always attractive; its odor, giving to it the common name of Creosote bush, is sometimes considered offensive. It is also known as the Desert grease-wood.

The smoke tree is one of the lovely things that beggars description; looking one day for a special sand, I noted some pebbles of amethyst blue—pebbles—no, dried flowers, and looking up I saw before me what seemed fairyland, the elusive beauty of the smoke trees. The airy intricacy of the stems and the waving blue of the jewel flowers seemed something unreal.

The rounded mounds of the *Cassia* or desert *Senna*, are literally mounds of gold, so completely covered are they with their clear golden flowers.

The *Incienso* (*Encelia farinosa*) with its gray green leaves and yellow flowers is a handsome shrub and well rewards cultivation. The desert gold of these and of many of the beautiful composites is not the elusive stuff of the lost mines, but gives the real and lasting pleasure that comes with the appreciation of color.

Along the washes and stream trickles are found other far different shrubs; the fragrance of the desert lavender (*Hyptis Emoryi*) appeals, and the unexpected beauty of the desert willow, with its pinky lavender orchid-like flowers, delights. (*Chilopsis linearis* of the

Bignonia family).

The flaming banners of the Ocotillo spread themselves against the blue sky, a startling design in color that is almost breath taking.

But lovely, unusual, picturesque as are the shrubs of the desert garden, the floor covering, in its brilliance and its abundance forms a perfect setting.

The fields of the desert Abronia or sand verbenas are familiar to us all; not so well known are some of the others of this annual cover. The desert dandelion, yellow with a single drop of crimson in its heart; the magenta pink of the little monkey flower (*Mimulus Fremontii*) the delicacy of the white desert dandelion (*Rafinesquia*); the beauty of the "desert star" that tiny white daisy-like flower (*monoptilon bellioides*; these and many more lend grace to the more outstanding shrubs.

Evening brings a faint delicate odor, proclaiming the white evening primrose, its faintly tinged petals turning pink as they wither.

Almost a supreme miracle seems the desert lily (*Hesperocallis undulata*); out of the sandy or stony desert rises this fairy like thing. Its leaves at the base are ruffled and from them rises the stem with one to several and sometimes many flowers; so delicate in texture that the petals are almost translucent, white with a delicate green stripe on the back of each petal.

Enumeration of names and examples of beauty might be continued almost indefinitely, for everywhere we find appeal. But description may come to be satiation.

—Ethel Bailey Higgins,  
Natural History Museum.

## JANUARY MEETING

The San Diego Floral association did not hold the regular December meeting due to the many changes having taken place in Balboa Park since the announcement of war, and of the Floral building having passed on to the Army. Then through the beneficence of Dr. Clinton Abbott, director of the Natural History Museum, it was made possible for

the association to hold the January meeting, and future meetings, in the Museum building, lower floor, aquarium room.

Mr. Allen Perry, Superintendent of Balboa Park, who was to have had charge of the meeting, was of necessity, obliged to be absent. Mr. Silas B. Osborn, Vice-President of the Floral society was called, and "Pruning Roses" was the general subject of his talk.

Information on urban gardens, particularly the war gardens at the present time, was outlined briefly by Mr. Osborn. He compared the

## A CRIMSON ROSE

A crimson rose . . . it comes to me  
Out of the mists of memory  
That the Tyrian dye the Romans  
knew  
As "purpura" was crimson too.

This was the color the Caesars wore  
And emperors proud on Bosphorus  
shore;  
Mark of the noble in high degree,  
Badge of the chief in authority.

"Born to the purple" still we say,  
Not meaning the purple of our own  
day,  
But the color the ancient princes  
chose,

Glorious emblem of life and love!  
Nature displays it below and above  
And gives us forever a standard  
true  
In this fragrant flower of match-  
less hue.

Etta Florence Adair.

vegetable garden as nice as the flower garden, and said, "Vegetables are flowers, and now is the time to plant them—for your own delights and pleasures and profits." Pamphlets on growing vegetables may be obtained, free, at the office of the County Horticultural office.

While pruning roses, always bear in mind the main reason—to renew them—he said. Cut away the superfluous parts, canes, and clear of useless materials. With a specimen, he illustrated how and where

to do the cutting—always slanting, and then use tree paint on the part cut. For pruning, he suggested four necessary articles — leather gloves, shears, a saw and a sharp pocket knife — all of which he used while demonstrating. Pruning of root system was interestingly explained as also was the correct way of planting roses. This is the time to plant roses, he said.

Diseases and bugs, spraying, cultivation, kinds of roses, etc., followed by time given the audience for questions, to which Mr. Osborn gave valuable information.

Mrs. Greer, president, made mention of the combination of two magazines—the January and February issues into one—and will be called the February number. She also announced the hope of having Mr. Frank F. Gander, who recently returned from a trip into Mexico and who has brought new plants, and has many beautiful pictures, to speak at the February meeting of the Club. G.M.G.

## WHERE ALL IS PEACE

In these days of financial stringency it is remarkable that the nation-wide effort to save large areas of the California redwood trees has gone on unchecked. Rarely has there been a movement with greater appeal and finer support than this. The years of work were not ended but certainly reached a point of triumph this past autumn when the great Bull Creek-Dyerville Forest was dedicated and turned over to the state for safekeeping. There are other forests in the world with tree trunks larger in diameter or with greater bulk, but there are none in which the trees are taller or more graceful, or which show so well these qualities combined with mass. Authorities agree that there are none in which the trees and associated vegetation, together with the elements of magnitude and antiquity.

A great scientist has said that this primitive forest seems like a fragment of the Garden of Eden coming to us directly from the hands of the Creator. Certainly such a

grove expresses life in one of its most splendid forms, and is an outstanding example of the superlative in the world of living things. To John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and to a multitude of other donors, who made the saving of this costly forest possible, a nation's gratitude is due. Upon the State of California rests the obligation to manage the forest so as not to lessen the influence of its power and beauty, of its grandeur and peace, upon the human soul.

It is just 10 years ago that the Bull Creek-Dyerville Redwood forest was made a part of the California State Park System. At that time, the Saturday Evening Post commented editorially: "A great scientist has said that this primitive forest seems like a fragment of the Garden of Eden coming to us directly from the hand of the Creator. Certainly such a grove expresses life in one of its most splendid forms, and is an outstanding example of the superlative in the world of living things."

Since 1932 the Save-the-Redwoods League has continued with its balanced program of acquisition of the finest of the Redwoods. A substantial start has been made on the preservation of "The Avenue of the Giants," and the Mill Creek Redwoods State Park will be rounded out with the addition of successive units over a number of years. There is much to be done, too, in protection and interpretation of the Redwoods, to insure their highest uses.

Aubrey Drury, Admin. Secy.,  
Save-the-Redwoods League.

#### L. A. BLOCHMAN

##### A Tribute from Alfred D. Robinson

I am asked to write something about L. A. Blochman, Louie to me, for The California Garden, and I can do it without a tear for his passing or anything approaching sadness, for my forty years of knowing him was all a feeling of friendly warmth, from the time of our first meeting at the initial launching of The San Diego Floral Association when he cut through

the red tape of commitment to have the Directors elected by general vote.

I cannot now think of him for what he did so much as for what he was, a warm, friendly person. He had a vast store of miscellaneous knowledge which he never paraded, but would gladly share with anybody. Even in his banking days before bankers learned to treat the rest of us as quite human, he warmed to folks; any one could have his time and his interest, and he joined a long list of organizations because folks were there.

As I write I see him in his home at a meeting of the Floral Association demonstrating flycatching from the ceiling with a glass of soapy water on the end of a sick; he loved gadgets. How warm was that house, for Mrs. Blockman was his true mate. Entering it you felt the welcome encompass you like an all-wool sweater. In the twenty years or more we worked together in the Floral Association I never knew him to say NO when asked to do anything; service to him came as naturally as breathing. His memory will not survive in anything he did, but in the better thing, the having been a warm friendly person who gave of himself ungrudgingly and naturally.

#### HAIL LOUIE.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: With this tribute to another barely done, one of the most deeply respected, dearly loved, this very deeply rooted gardener in our midst has himself passed on—Alfred D. Robinson is dead.)

#### LOOKING FOR THE UNUSUAL WITH JERABEK

When one is driving through Balboa Park in San Diego and comes along the road that enters the Aloe and Agave Garden from the east, one will be very sure to notice a queer plant with a curved inflorescence drooping towards the highway. Circulating its flower stalk will be numerous small greenish yellow flowers and later these will be followed by miniature plants

hanging there as a means of reproduction. There are two other ways by which reproduction is accomplished. There will be found small plants growing along the trunk below the rosette of broad, thick, pale green leaves while at the same time suckers will develop at the base.

This plant is known as *Agave attenuata* and is a near neighbor in its nativity just across the border in Lower California of old Mexico. It is a striking thing with its immense glaucous leaves, but perhaps the most unique aspect is the ten to twelve foot flowering stalk.

Another plant of unusual appearance is *Proboscoidea louisianica*, (*Martynia*) commonly called Unicorn plant. It is a sprawling annual that is easily grown from seed. The plant has roundish oval, thick soft leaves seven to ten inches wide, heart-shaped at the base. The bell-like flowers in color are creamy white to violet or even light red at times and about two inches across. The seed pods are most curious. When dried they split a part, forming two odd-shaped pieces. Curios are made by children, or adults in a whimsical mood by glueing small seeds to these pieces for eyes and feathers to the back and caudal ends for tails. The best way to grow this plant is in a very loose medium, a very sandy soil or an old, quite chaffy trash pile. With this same consideration of loose soil in mind, try growing it in a pot, pinching the tips back to force a compact specimen.—C.I.J.

#### OLD ADVICE STILL GOOD

One of the most fruitful sources of disappointment to the tyro in gardening, is the injudicious choice of material, or, in other words, the selection of objects for cultivation not adapted to his experience or his circumstances. Mr. A, for instance, by reading, or perhaps by the example of some neighbor, all at once conceives a desire to have a fine garden. He procures the nurseryman's catalogues, or some books, and placing entire confidence in the

(Continued on Page 9)



# COMPLICATIONS and COMMENT

*Call this chitter, but not tattle—call it it gossip, call it prattle—  
But whate'er may be its name, call it fun—  
This garden game!*

## KALANCHOE

These engaging succulents can truthfully be called Guinea pig plants because they have so many ways of increasing their numbers. They grow new little plants along the notches of their leaves; they produce seeds, a fallen leaf will sprout new leaves and a bloom stalk will often produce new little plants on the stem at the same time it is ripening its seeds.

So prolific is Kalanchoe diagraphifolia that the government pathologists are using it as a plant guinea pig in their studies and experiments on plant diseases. Sandy soil is ideally suited to the culture of these interesting succulents and since they are so easy to grow and have such beautiful bloom and intriguing habits one could do no better than give them a try.—F.H.W.

## MORE FLOWER GOSSIP

Old Man Bachelor Button whispered into the Elephant's Ear that Baby-Blue-Eyes was too Scilla to wear Lady's Ear Drops; a Gay Feather would better attract Cupid's Dart.

Sweet Marjoram, wearing a Blue Bonnet, met dainty Primrose strolling with the Elder. He looked as though he would love to Live-For-ever. But his Liver-leaf is Loose—strife for him is ovar-y.

Maize-Daisy, once a Baltimore Belle, dreaded being a Wallflower. She feared that she would never wear a Bridal Wreath and Oscularia.

Cleome cried: "My-Love-Lies-Bleeding." She was the Mourning Bride of Adonis, while all the time her Sugar-apple Lay-la waiting in the shadow of the Matrimony-vine.

Felicia, wearing an Amethyst at her throat, enjoyed the Spring Beauty with Daphne, while Regal Lily walked alone in the Meadow Sweet to seek Heartsease.

Oleander Cymbalaria, while the Golden Bell rang and Rosemary lingered in the Virgin's Bower to gaze at the Star of Bethlehem.

Mrs. M. D. Bennett.

## WEE WOOLY HEAD

Any winter season, even in the far south, wants a cheering touch . . . this one in particular. Storm-ridden, snow covered gardens of the north at the pit of the year are splendid in the color of bark, twig and berry in sharp contrast, pointing up the dull season.

From Kate O. Sessions rapidly passing nursery there came this winter a lone plant in a pot to brighten a chilled patio with the feeling of activity that any full-blooming plant affords. For three months now it has been going through the cycle of expectant bud, white-purple flowers, so deliberate and hesitant in opening against the cold, and now the white-wooly heads that represent fruition and completeness. It may be there is tiny seed there.

Eriocapalis africanus is an old plant, long known to greenhouses and out-of-doors here, but completely lost of fashion now and practically lost to the gardening fraternity is its hustle for anything that is new. It is a little shrub, probably three to four feet high in time, just a little stringy and likely to be bushy without some pinching out of terminals. The silvery leaves are linear or bead-like, either singly on the slender branchlets or clustered. Imagine a low-spreading, soft-silvery chamiso and you have its general appearance.

The flowers are tiny daisies in

loose umbel-like heads. Two white ray petals, semi-parted, embrace a purple center in an irregular manner to give the delightful white-purple, cluttry massing of bloom. This distortion apparently results from a third ray failing to develop or developing late.

It is a landscape material doubtless, rather than a garden subject and for that reason may have failed of a secure place in the past. Now that more gardeners plant for broader interests and effects than normally found in the intimacy of the garden, it may be revived. Use it near the natives, to face down such a planting or in a part of the shrubbery in dry soil that is not worked much.

—R. S. H.

## HATTIE RUMBLE-SHUCKS

*... says "the Lord gives things and takes 'em away agin" and asks you what that means. He gave you those breath-taking dabbias last summer and they are now only a memory . . . He left seed. You have now the soul-satisfying scent of sweetpeas and the glory of pure color in cineraria. All this will go too, but there is a retention over and above the dear material itself that carries on to foretell and regenerate the future.*

"How is this?" she asks. "Let's examine the background. Can we find a thought there that might be applied to some of the great and disturbing happenings all about us?"

*There is something these doctors of ologies call metabolism that will give us a key if we'll look at it. This word refers to the breakdown and the building up of tissue in plants and animals. It encircles the entire gamut of operations of life in nature so far as we can see it. It is largely chemical. In your own body there is a sub-cycle every 24 hours in which you literally break down through the day and renew or build up with rest through sleep.*

*How does an athlete "get that way?" He carefully and with method breaks down and builds up, tears down and renews the tissues of muscle and organ until a point is reached where*

## HERE WE GO AGAIN

Experiments which he said showed that vitamin B-1, contrary to belief of florists, farmers and housewives, fails to help the growth of most plants today were reported by Dr. E. C. Minnum, of Cornell university.

The vitamin failed he declared to help tomatoes, peppers, rutabagas, beets, beans, radish, celery, sweet corn, muskmelon and other crops.

He said that clever "innuendo" had given many persons the idea that all plants would respond favorably to additions of vitamin B-1.

Gardeners here as well as elsewhere have found a certain selective process in subjects necessary in getting results.

*the organism as a whole functions most efficiently. That, presumably is the day of important competition. The spiritual exaltation that comes with fitness and winning is usually considered a by-product. I wonder.*

*Now, take war. It's horrible and degrading. Is it? Take a look at it from the standpoint of social evolution. The individual, then, becomes a microbe relatively. He can grow. Already he is beginning to wonder if his dearly beloved dollar doesn't only stand for something . . . something other than itself. He cries out that the social structure is breaking down. Maybe it should; nothing goes on of itself forever, changeless in good health. Too seldom it is said "Yes, so what." If the race cannot take the pieces and "put 'em together again better an' bigger an' freer for thinkin' an' feelin' an' livin' and loving, better let the Jerries an' Japs in an' do a good job of the other way. It has all been done before an' that's how come we live free as we do." That is what seed is for. Don't you see?*

*So it is, that War can be a part of social metabolism on the grand scale "and the doc's have a word for that too . . . katabolism . . . look it up an' know what's happenin' everywhere in the world.*

## Cleanings from the Magazines

By Alice M. Clark

If the Public Library were to announce a Dollar Day, would there be a rush to obtain that which can be had now simply by going in and asking for it? I refer to the valuable information that can be gained from the magazines in our Garden Exchange. When every penny saved can go towards buying a Defense Bond, why should we fail to get the advice of experts before we start our spring planting?

With the magazines full of Defense gardening, you can sift thru and pick the set-up best suited to your own situation. You can even find the named variety that will give the best results for an amateur. In the February "Golden Gardens," in an article on "Vegetables and Deciduous Fruits as Ornamentals," Charlotte Hoak's word pictures enable us to visualize the part that edible plants can play in the average garden scheme without upsetting the present lay-out—even enhancing the beauty of the scene. Hers seemed the most practical advice for the small garden. There is also another herb article. If you haven't started raising these savories yet, you might as well begin for you will be quite out of step without them. Now that parsley has moved to the front line of vitamin defense, as a palate tickler as well as for eye appeal, probably something rare and valuable will be found in other members of the herb family, so why not be prepared? It is encouraging to think that the English are probably varying their monotonous carrot diet with additions of rosemary, marjoram or thyme. And by the way, who ever said parsley is hard to germinate? Just fill a cheese box to within an inch of the top with light loam, plant the seeds thinly, in a shady spot, don't over-water and they will be ready to plant out before you know it. The sum total of all the Defense Garden articles is to keep your balance on this vege-

table proposition and leave most of it to those with the right location and experience.

There was an informative piece in the January "Golden Gardens" on "Growing Plants in Pots" that would have saved me a lot of grief a few years ago. Simply and clearly, Mr. Warren shows every step of the way in pot culture; soil, watering, feeding and "pesting." It's tops! Rose fans will benefit from the masterly treatise on roses, which follows the potting articles and shows, very briefly, the origin of the species behind the fine blooms of today and what the rosarian hopes to achieve in the future.

"Horticulture" for February first, reviews the new book "Standardized Plant Names," that would be a blessing in any Garden Club, if the critics agree to accept it. It also lists the Spring Shows throughout the country, including the famous one in Oakland, which will "tent" in Lakeside Park, featuring a lagoon and flower boats to carry out the Pan-American theme.

We should say "Happy Birthday" to "Trees," which begins its fifth year this January by more plantings of the fine varieties of trees it extolls in each issue — the Jacaranda, takes a bow this time.

In "Cacti" for January, the famous David Fairchild writes of the Palm Glade in Southern Florida that is to be dedicated on March 15 to Liberty Hyde Bailey, author of our familiar "Hortus," on his 84th birthday. Dr. Bailey's books will always be his monument but it is nice to know that the small sum of one dollar can put us on the list of those who appreciate his life's work and who hope that his first name will mean as much to future generations as his horticultural lore means to gardeners. In the same magazine there is an illustrated article on how to preserve specimens for a cactus herbarium. Due to the nature of the material this field has not been properly covered. We are not surprised, but we do feel a few hardy souls might attempt it after Mr. Peebles' explicit directions. I always think of "Cacti" and "Desert" as setting examples for other



specialized plant periodicals to follow.

"Sunset" for January has a graph of marigold pedigrees that clarifies a complicated situation. It is a method I like for showing begonia relationships, and it would be nice to see more articles on other plants handled in the same way. "Rare and Exotic Plants for Southern California" seems written especially for San Diego. It tells of geraldton wax flower and ochona multiflora, two of Miss Sessions favorites.

I am glad to review "Sunset" as it gives me a chance to quote from the editorial on "Gardens in 1942." After a toast to your garden, whatever type it may be, the editor deals with the sentimental aspect of Defense gardening that has been so overdone, in these words:

"Gardens have always been a defense against ugliness, against boredom. But to pile around them such words as 'morale building,' 'relief from fears and anxieties' . . . seems unfair. Hearing them, you almost expect to find a row of hospital beds among the roses and the daphne's heady fragrance changed to iodoform!"

"Gardens are lots of things, but they aren't hospitals . . . Gardens are important because they prove and re-prove that the world is livable; because they are honest; because they are beautiful; because they return more strength than the strength that goes into them."

There is more to Mr. Doty's refreshing editorial, so look it up in the January number as well as all the feasts that await you in the other garden magazines, of which this is only a wee nibble.

Now, don't plant all your carrots at once!

#### KERNELS

For twenty years, the Smithsonian Institution exhibited the "world's oldest ear of corn," a Peruvian treasure that was held by paleobotanists to be several thousand years old. In 1932, it was re-examined by other scientists who found that it was only a clay replica of an ear of ancient maize with cavities containing pellets. It was a homemade rattle.

## This Churchyard of the Living

By VIVIAN M. SALE

—AN INVENTORY

Now we come to the lowest part of the church garden, or what really constitutes the Parish Hall garden. On the other side of entrance to the Parish Hall is another trim little Box shrub and also in corresponding positions to those we have already noted in this vicinity, is a dracaena and an eugenia; also a similar grouping of pyracanthas and cotoneasters. Round the corner, on the west side of the Parish Hall are poinsettias, set in between following trees and shrubs — *Pittosporum nigricans*, *Pyracantha formosiana*, *lalandi* and *crenulata*, *eugenias* and dwarf cotoneasters; *Eucalyptus ficifolia*—a beautiful variety of gum tree which grows to a height of about 20 feet and when in bloom is adorned with gorgeous red blossoms; a variety of *melaleuca* or "bottlebrush" as it is more commonly known—distinguished by its grayish, gracefully trailing foliage and lovely lavender blooms (which are in the shape of a bottle brush); Spanish broom—a rare shrub with little or no foliage on its slender green stems but covered in spring with large yellow blossoms which give forth a delicious perfume. At the end of this border is an interesting tree — *Seaforthia elegans* — a most graceful palm, growing not so tall or sturdy as *Cocos Plumosa* but possessing a beautiful smooth trunk from which—at about the middle of its height and not from the head of foliage, (as is usual with palms)—emerges, during the flowering season, a most wonderful and exquisite orchid colored spray. The shrub below it is also interesting—a native of South Africa and called *Aberia* but better known as *Kei-apple*. Its foliage is protected by long and terribly sharp, strong thorns but the shrub produces an edible fruit. Other shrubs in this border which we have passed by without mention, are, *Streptosolen Jamesonii*—also South African and a most charming half climber, which loves to loll against a wall in

some sunny corner and adorn it with masses of lovely, small, velvety, orange hued, trumpet shaped flowers; also a native of South Africa is *Aster fruticosus*, a slender little shrub with beautiful blue marguerite like flowers—in South Africa it blooms in the fall, which there begins about April—a fact which this little shrub apparently remembers, for early in April it dons its dress of blue. We must not overlook a curious vine which clings to the wall at one of the side entrances to the Parish Hall.

There are some succulents in this border—some of them of very odd or grotesque appearance. Prominent among them is *Euphorbia splendens*, which thrives well in this sunny situation; two others call for special attention—one looks like a miniature palm tree and an odd thing in connection with it is that its leaves when crushed give forth a strong fishy odor. The other plant is an *Echium*, a native of the Canary Islands; it sends up a great spike some 4 or 5 feet high from its low-growing mound of grayish leaves and upon this spike forms a pyramid shaped mass of pink flowers—this great head of bloom is most attractive to the bees that swarm all over it in the flowering season; there are other more common varieties of *echiums*, such as the white and blue, but the pink flowering one is by far the most beautiful and interesting.

*Tritoma* or "Red Hot Poker" is in this border and some bulbous plants too, such as *Agapanthus* with its broad green leaves and tall stems which support, when flowering, crowns of blue blossoms of a lovely hue; *Amaryllis Johnsonii* also with red trumpet shaped flowers; and smaller bulbs such as *Freesias*, *Tritonias*, *Sparaxis*, *Ixias* and in particular, *Vallota purpurea*, which has an interesting story attached to its popular name of "Scarborough Lily." A ship bringing a consignment of these bulbs from South

Africa, founded off the coast of Yorkshire, England and many of these bulbs were washed ashore at a place called Scarborough, a popular Yorkshire seaside resort—hence the name given to this kind of bulb which has flowers of a glorious red. Beyond the stepping stones which enclose this Parish Hall wall border, lies—except at its northern end, a more or less narrow strip of ground which has been utilized to form a South African garden, that is, plants native to this part of Africa, whose climate in that region is in many respects very similar to that of Southern California, where South African shrubs and trees therefore find themselves happily suited and thrive well in this part of the state.

There is still one more part of the church garden to see and that is on the south side, up a gravel path which leads from south end of South African garden up behind the Parish Hall to a portion of the south side of the church. Here is a border some 30 feet long and 3 feet wide containing many kinds of bulbs, such as Agapanthus, Amaryllis of various kinds, Crinum, Ismene, Iris, Ornithogalum, Hemerocallis, or "Day Lily," Nerine, Narcissus, Ranunculus, Anemone, Arum Lily etc. There are also here, ranged up against the wall, Poinsettias and, in the center of the border, a plant known as Statice, which forms a broad mound of large leaves and sends up tall stems upon whose summits develop crowns of small blue and white flowers—a very attractive and rewarding plant, drought resistant and good natured; even its flowers are obliging and seem to belong to the everlasting class—when cut and kept indoors, they keep their beautiful coloring and appearance for many weeks.

So may this account of a church garden remain with you, kind reader and lover of Nature, as I take you to be; calling to remembrance—with persuasiveness, as from the perfume of some sweet scented blossom—happy moments or hours or days of the past; especially drawing the thoughts, however, to the wondrous love of God as manifested in the abounding abundance of His

blessings in a world which, despite man's attempts to despoil it, is a wonderful place in which to live; that is, if we, observe the laws of Nature so consistently that our bodies become perfect mediums for receiving heavenly influences—in tune with the Infinite and thus able to use our faculties to discover and enjoy to the fullest extent of which we are capable, all the numberless and infinitely varied and marvelous free gifts continually provided for us by our Creator.

## RECAPITULATION

By Fred H. Wylie

The Recapitulation Theory means that each living thing in its development from the egg or seed, relives the various stages of evolution through which its ancestors evolved from the simplest form of life to their final complex form.

Some interesting examples of plants which reveal something of their remote ancestry are the Black Wood Acacia whose baby leaves are round and entirely different from the mature foliage. As a matter of fact this and many other acacias do not have any leaves at all when mature. What we mistake for leaves are flattened leaf stalks which are better adapted to a dry climate than the leaves which the acacias all had in the remote ages when they grew in a humid climate. Interesting departures from the ordinary leaf forms can be found in many desert plants which have had to modify their original leaves or else perish from the earth as their environment gradually became more arid.

An ordinary cactus seedling has small leaves which soon disappear as the baby grows, the Ocotillo has pretty leaves which soon fall off as the spring gives way to summer. When the leaves are gone, the bark of the branches is found to be green and capable of performing the functions of the dropped leaves. The same is true of the Palo Verde. In fact the Spaniards named it Green Stick or Palo Verde because it was the only green thing in the desert

during the heat of the summer.

It is a well known fact that parasitic plants or animals tend to degenerate and lose the organs which they no longer use. In so doing they revert to more primitive forms and may be said to be taking some of the backward steps of their line of evolution. Some parasitic flies have no wings. They have lost that which they no longer use. The various lice are closely related to the true bugs which have well developed wings and legs and use them. The lice have reverted to a more primitive form of their ancestry because they no longer use their wings since deciding to live off the blood of others.

When a seed of the dodder first sprouts in the ground a small plant which looks much like other seedling plants, starts to grow. Soon this baby plant touches the bark of some neighbor and before long the unfortunate shrub is covered by a mass of twining threads of an orange red color which send out suck-

(Continued on Page 9)

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# Unpublished Manuscript on Palms

By O. K. SESSIONS

An interesting paper on palms, in the handwriting of Kate O. Sessions has come to light through the efforts of Mrs. Mary A. Greer. The original will go into the keeping of Alice M. Clark and the unedited material is as follows:

In a late issue of the *Union* there was illustrated a palm called the King Palm and the *Seaforthia elegans* was also mentioned. In all these palms the pinna leaves of the foliage has only one midrib and it is very easily cracked by the wind and the leaflet or pinna does not break away; it hangs half broken in two. The leafage on either side of the one midrib is too wide and too heavy to support itself. These palms therefore need a very sheltered position. Otherwise their fine large leaves present a somewhat ragged or imperfect appearance.

The *Kentia Forsteriana* palm is somewhat similar in appearance, but its pinna or leaflets have several strong ribs and there is never a broken leaflet to be seen and their fine large leaves are in consequence always perfect. This variety will stand a good deal of abuse and is never injured by wind. They are among the varieties grown and used over the world for house palms and are being grown in Montebello and Sierra Madre in Los Angeles County and at National City and Pacific Beach, all beneath lath shade, established in pots and tubs to supply the trade of the United States and are shipped in carload lots.

This palm therefore, so well known generally, is a great advertisement for our mild San Diego climate and is not to be found in other places in Southern California. It should be very generously planted here. They produce a very slender trunk and a large, plume-like top, but the fine leaves are flat and not pendant like the *Cocos plumosa* palm. They are known as the thatch palm in their native land,

which is only on Lord Howe's Island. The 300 inhabitants of that island are practically supported by the sale of the seeds of the two *Kentia* palms growing there . . . The *K. Forsteriana* and *Kentia Belmoreana*. This latter is more sensitive to the full sun and is not so useful for general planting, but desirable in the right place. The *Kentia Forsteriana* is slower in its growth than the *Cocos plumosa*, but it is so elegant that it pays to be patient for its development.

The oldest specimen is in the Court of the Coronado Hotel and was the first sample that encouraged its cultivation in San Diego. On upper 4th St. there are several fine tall plants. At Miss Rogers' home, C and 24th St. is a plant that produced 7,000 seeds (75 lbs.) one year. The seeds that ripen here are fertile and many home grown plants are in the city.

The pair of palms at the southwest corner of 2nd and Spruce streets are well worth inspecting. It is by far the finest tall-growing palm for the garden. It is a native of an island and stands the coast exposure. An excellent specimen will be found in the garden of Miss Ellen Scripps at La Jolla. There are some fine specimens in Balboa Park at the rear of the botanical buildings.

A grove of fifty or more of these plants in our park would be a fine feature and give wonderful shade for a resting or picnic place. Palms in groups, however, are far more attractive than as single plants or in line.

The number of rose blooms grown annually for sale in the United States has been estimated at 100,000,000, valued at about \$6,000,000. The industry did not exist in 1850, and its real development dates from 1870. It is scarcely realized as yet that outdoor California grows some of the finest rose blooms of the world.

## FEBRUARY MEETING

The second meeting of the year of 1942 of the San Diego Floral Association was held in the room of the aquarium in the Natural History Museum building, Balboa Park. The Vice-President, Mr. Silas B. Osborn, presided.

Superintendent of Balboa Park, Mr. W. Allen Perry gave as an interesting prefatory — what has happened to the park, and some of the highlights during its lifetime before taking up his subject: "A Plea for More Trees in San Diego." Briefly, he took his audience through epochal points, beginning with its process of growth from a wilderness—the exposition—a training camp — another exposition—and when going full blast, we lost it. On December 8th West Coast Army units decided to take over the park, and later the Navy joined, occupying the southern part, with the Army in the northern part. As to restoration, he said, it depends upon the Government after this is

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over.

San Diego is woefully deficient in trees, Mr. Perry said. Bringing into comparison with other neighboring cities, its absence of trees is quite striking. Poor soil, narrow curbsings, can't grow lawns, etc., are some of the reasons given which has discouraged tree planting. For those who struggle with narrow parkings, or small lawns, and desire strongly for the beauty that street trees can give, he named several varieties, some of which are Liquidambar, displaying beauteous fall coloration; Cocos Palm, for 18-inch parkings; Jacarandas. For wide lawns, the Sycamore, Live Oak, Camphor, Phoenix Palm and Cedrus deodara. A tricky gadget for control of tree roots was explained. This may be obtained from some seedmen, or inquire of Mr. Perry. If large trees obstruct the views, the Pittosporum, Golden Chain trees and small flowering things were suggested for planting.

Concluding the timely, interesting and instructive talk by Mr. Perry, Mr. Osborn gave the name of another tree—Brisbane Eucalyptus (*Tristania conferta*) which will stand poor soil; also Oleanders and Chinese Elms as satisfactory trees.

—G. M. G.

#### OLD ADVICE

(Continued from Page 3)

descriptions which he finds accompanying the names of fruits, ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers, selects the newest, and as he supposes, the best. . . .

Unfortunately for him, however, the stock of new and rare fruit trees, plants, and flowers, is small, and the specimens to be had rather feeble, and requiring great care and skill to bring them to a successful issue. His limited experience, as well as his impatience, prevents him from giving them the needful treatment, and they become a total failure. This cools the ardor of the beginner; visions of fruitful and blooming gardens, on which he had feasted his imagination, become misty; he hesitates, falls back into indifference, and finally and perhaps

forever abandons the delightful scheme of gardening in which he had embarked so hopefully and zealously a few months ago. . . .

We caution you against falling into the error which Mr. A committed, to wit, resolving to eclipse, in his first season, all that his neighbors had accomplished in years. This is a fatal sort of ambition, and one which we can not approve of, although we admire high aims in general. If you are totally destitute of experience, consult some friend or neighbor who is competent to advise you, and with his assistance lay some plan. Don't make a single move without some fixed plan; and let it be as simple as it possibly can be, so that a very moderate amount of skill, and care, and expense, can carry it out successfully. . . .

We therefore urge upon beginners the propriety of exercising great caution in making their first selections. Every tree, shrub, and plant, should be perfectly hardy, and of the easiest cultivation. . . . Those who have little time to devote to the garden, will always find their pleasure and profit promoted by choosing not a great variety, but such things as are easily managed.—From "The Horticulturist, and Journal of Rural Art and Rural Taste," edited by P. Barry (1854).—Christian Science Monitor.

#### RECAPITULATION

By Fred H. Wylie

(Continued from Page 7)

ing feet to rob the sap of its host. Because the dodder, millions of years ago, decided to steal its living from other plants it has today lost its ability to live an independent existence except for a very brief time as an infant. The fact that the seedling plant can perform normally for a brief period shows that at one time it was a normal, respectable member of the plant congregation. It elected to live a life of crime and now is too far gone in villainy to reform.

—Fred H. Wylie.

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